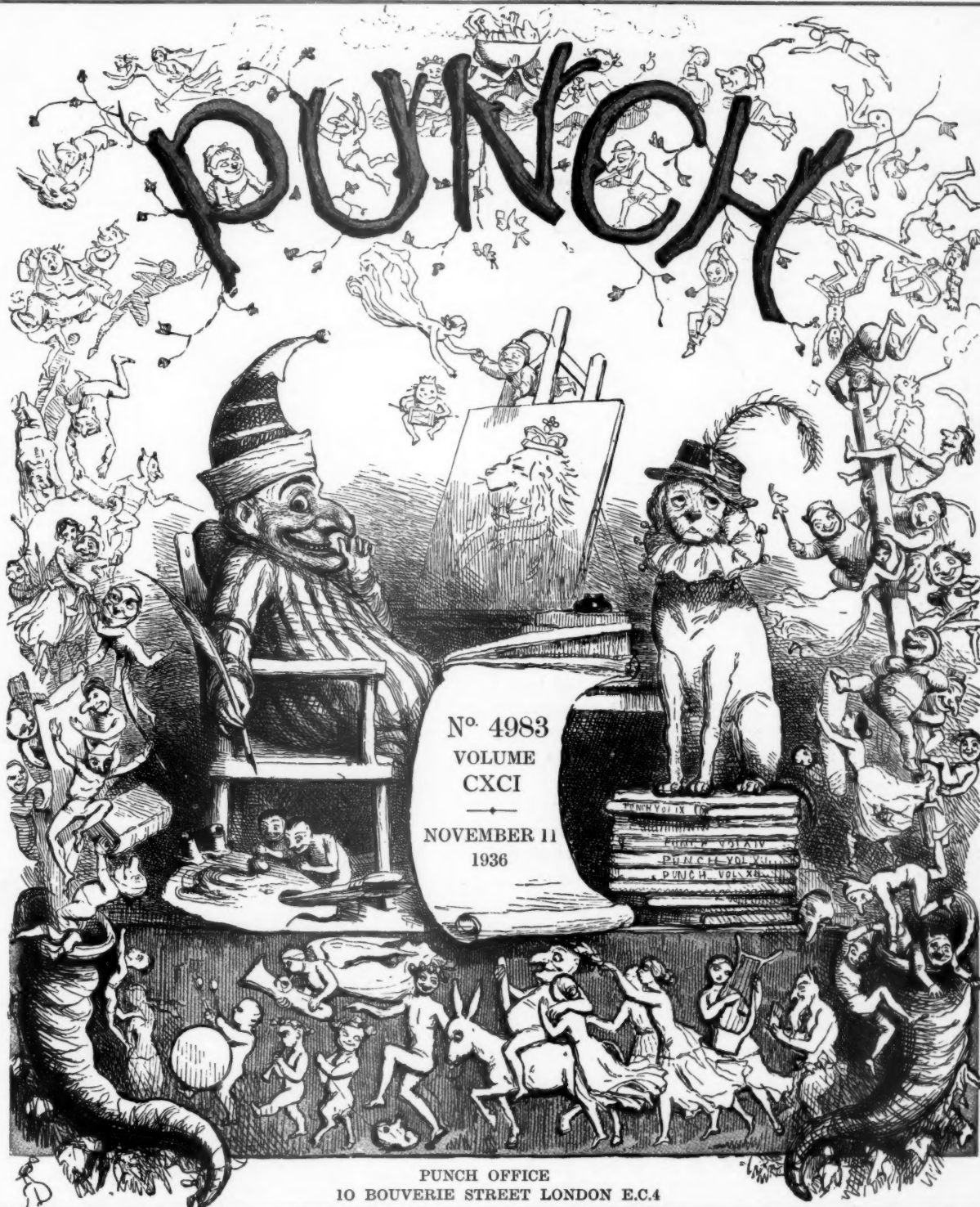


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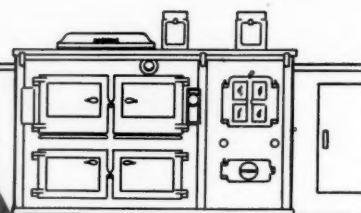
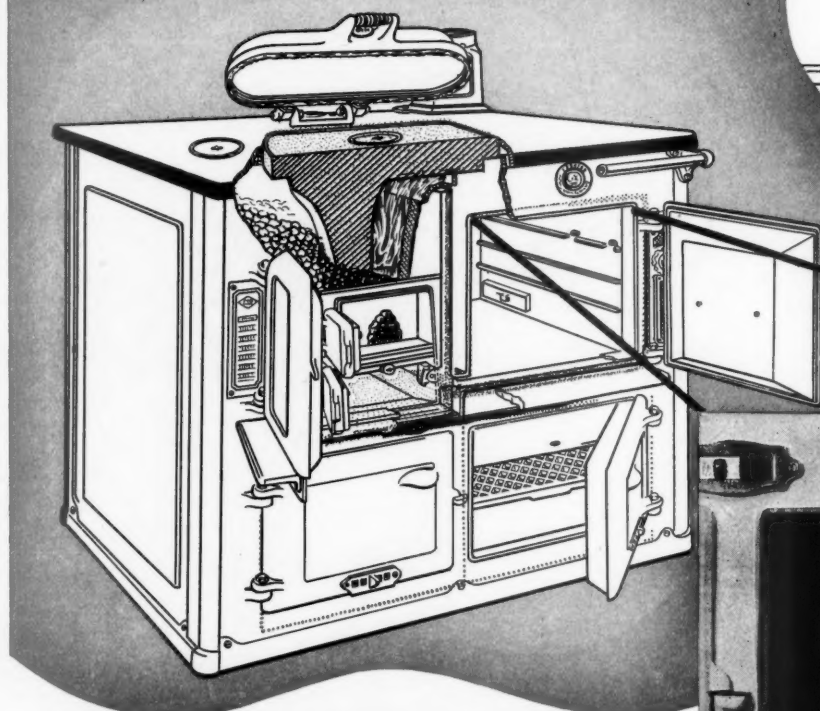
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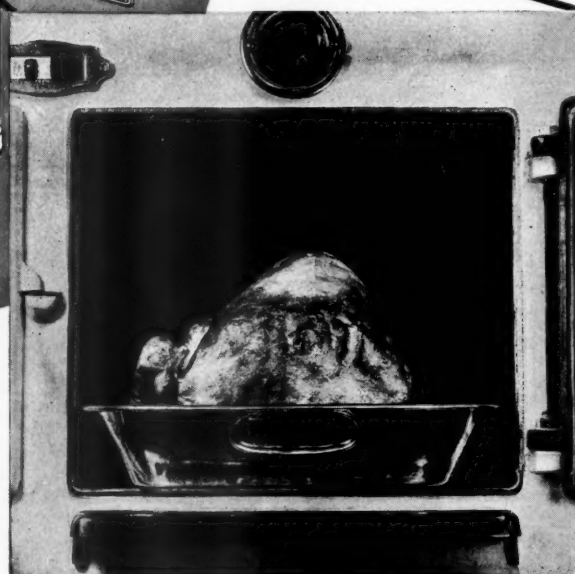
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Charivaria



"WHAT has happened to the Anti-Noise campaign?" asks a writer. Naturally it finds it almost impossible to make itself heard.

The disclosure that mice are a nuisance in aeroplanes throws a new light on the intrepidity of our airwomen.

Germany is the second Great Power to recognise Italy's annexation of Abyssinia. The first, of course, was Lord ROTHERMERE.

"Compared with other periods in history, the world to-day is quiet," writes an essayist. In fact you can almost hear a bomb drop.

M. VLADIMIR CERNIKOFF, the famous Russian pianist, admits that he has smashed three typewriters since he took up typing a few months ago. What finished them, we understand, was his "Refusal in D."

"Young oxen are often knocked down for a disproportionately large sum," states a writer on farming. Just as if they were so many heavyweight boxers.

From a recent article we gather that the sort of friends a man has can be told by a glance at their books on his bookshelves.

"Many of the Russian Army couldn't hit a barn with a rifle bullet," declares a military expert. Unless of course they were inside it.

An American has made his will on a sheet of asbestos. His knowledge of legal matters must be very small. The will is, of course, always left behind.

The average thief is said to be highly superstitious. If he breaks a plate-glass window and then sees a cross-eyed policeman over his left shoulder, he just *knows* he'll have bad luck.

VOL. CXCI

A District Council in Kent has received a petition from local residents calling attention to a plague of rats and crickets. There is said to be some talk of a County Cricket Week.

We read of a Chicago man who for a wager sat on a block of ice for twenty-six hours and then had to give up owing to an affection of the brain. We incline to the theory that it was the same thing that made him start it.

It is not considered practicable to affix speedometers to the backs of cars so that one can see how fast they are going. Nor, we presume, to the front, so that one can see how fast they are coming.

According to a scientific note, rubber often becomes fatigued. That, of course, is why it stretches.

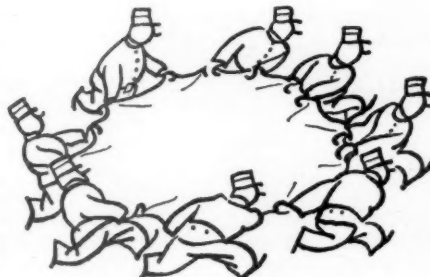
Because she had refused to live in the country a Scottish landowner left his daughter nothing but a lonely Highland cottage. She laughed merrily at her lawyer's remark that she had been cut off with a shieling.

A new feminine fashion is to have no eyebrows at all. Since the fifth of this month the fashion has to some extent spread to small boys.

A man found guilty of ransacking a country mansion was said by the police to have twenty-four temporary addresses. Now he's got a twenty-fifth.

The experienced novel-writer must, it is asserted, have suffered. So must the experienced novel-reader.

A woman in Paris pushed her husband out of an upper window and then telephoned to the police to tell them what she had done. It was too late, however. He had reached the bottom.



X

Studies in International Amity

From "The Daily Clarion," Nov. 2nd.

GERMANY NEEDS BRITAIN'S FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDLY references to this country were made by General GOERING at Munichsbad yesterday. In the course of a speech to the *Nichttraucher* (or League of Schoolboy Bombers) he said: "England is to blame for all the difficulties with which the German people has now to contend. The time has come to tighten our belts. It is the Leader's will—and we shall tighten them gladly, as one man, knowing that it is for the Fatherland. But we do not forget whom we have to thank for the necessity of a duty so ungrudgingly shouldered. A great and free nation will not long submit to having its belt tightened at the behest of a foreign country. Every ship that still lies at the bottom of Scapa Flow is Germany's by right, and, in the name of peace, she demands them back. I say that we shall get them. I say that not until the last scrap of German steel, stolen from us by the shameful Treaty of Versailles—the most monstrous act of injustice ever inflicted on the victors by the vanquished in the whole history of the world—not until the last bolt and rivet have been restored to us will it be possible for us to take our place honourably in the comity of the nations."

Later.

Official quarters in Berlin are reticent on the subject of General GOERING's address. Nothing is known at the *Blundervorst* of a demand for the return of the ships scuttled at Scapa Flow, but it is understood that the speech was intended mainly for internal consumption.

From "The Daily Clarion," Nov. 3rd.

MUSSOLINI MAKES PEACE OFFER.

"I offer the world peace," said Signor MUSSOLINI, speaking from the mouth of a cannon at Fritto Misto yesterday. After explaining the details of a scheme for training three million boys between the ages of six and nine in the use of the hand-grenade, he continued, "I extend the hand of friendship, frankly and unreservedly, to Great Britain. But let them beware how they grasp it. It is a two-edged hand forged on the anvil of sacrifice in the passionate flame of a people's implacable renunciation. The indivisible sword of Fascism, brandished on the muzzles of twelve million resolute rifles, proclaims with one heart and one voice Italy's unshakable determination to follow the path that fate has marked out for her. Italy desires peace, but she will brook no interference from anybody." Signor MUSSOLINI concluded with a cordial reference to Albania.

Writing in the inspired *Macaroni di Roma*, Signor Dado enlarges on the importance of Anglo-Italian accord and emphasises the sincerity of the DUCE's offer to the British people. "We have had about enough of their impertinence," he adds.

From the Correspondence Columns of "The Daily Clarion," Nov. 5th.

SIR,—As the Rector of a small parish in Northumberland who had the honour of an audience with Herr HITLER while in Germany at the beginning of last month, I know

that we have nothing to fear from the New Germany. "Friendship with England," said the Leader to me, "is an essential part of our foreign policy, and we in Germany are at a loss to understand why the British people are not more ready to grasp the hand that is held out to them." These are memorable words. Let us take them to heart.

Yours, etc.,

NORTHUMBERLAND RECTOR.

SIR,—I write to protest in the strongest possible terms against your use of the word "wilful" as applied to MUSSOLINI in your leading article of November 3rd. Why you should go out of your way to insult one who, besides being one of the noblest figures the world has ever known, is also the greatest potential force for peace in Europe to-day, passes my comprehension. When this great man with almost incredible generosity offers his friendship to a country which has so cruelly misunderstood and reviled him, surely we should have, if not the gratitude, at least the common sense to welcome him with open arms?

Yours, etc.,

NO LONGER A SUBSCRIBER.

From "The Daily Clarion," Nov. 6th.

GERMAN GESTURE TO BRITAIN

Germany's desire not to do anything calculated to alienate British public opinion was reflected in speeches made by Nazi leaders at various centres yesterday. Typical extracts from these speeches are:—

"England possesses nine-tenths of the habitable globe."—Dr. Goebbels, at Goeringbad.

"It is intolerable."—General Goering at Goebbelsburg.

MEDITERRANEAN PEACE PACT ENVISAGED?

"I am bristling with bayonets . . ."—Signor Mussolini at Porto di Fermento. H. F. E.

Please Parse and Return.

"May we respectfully suggest that we be pre-advised as and when Empties are Returned, enabling us to more readily identify such packages and credit accordingly, explaining that labels are on occasion missing or defaced, and with senders unknown, trouble arises in re Credits Due."—Note on Brewery Firm's Invoice.

Say This Over in Your Bath.

"Separate departments on the same premises are treated as separate premises for this purpose where separate branches of work which are commonly carried on as separate businesses in separate premises are carried on in separate departments on the same premises."—Extract from Unemployment Insurance Act Summary.

Foreboding

Was it the murmuring of bees that came
Disturbing the slow, peaceful autumn day
To hover on the snapdragons of flame?
They do not shake the quietude that way.

Was it the sound of wild bees passing by,
Or was it that relentless, sullen hum,
The threatening drone insistent in the sky
That is the rumour of a war to come?



SITTING PRETTY

"NOW THEN, AL, I AM CONFIDENT ALL AMERICANS WILL PULL TOGETHER FOR THE COMMON GOOD."



THE BUTLER WHO FORGOT.

The "Bar Minheiro"

"MINER'S Bar," you would call it at home. We are rather proud of it. It is not given to everybody to carry the civilising torch of the night-club into the remoter Portuguese hills. Of course Vouzela always had its "Cantinas," where the countrymen drink the country wine, the mules outside in the cobbled street awaiting a non-existent closing-time, but, as Charles says, "this is the real thing."

And, as he also says, "Exclusiveness is the keynote." We achieve this by a red drop-curtain on rings over the inner door that hides our festivities and minimises the whispering of the handsome young men in black capes and sombreros who hang about with guitars that break into soulfulness every time Margarida passes through. They stand in outer darkness, for we of the "Bar Minheiro" are the élite. Before your name is scratched—by the diamond in the ring of Padre Jaime—on the little mirror over the pine-cone fire, there are tests. You must be tested in good-fellowship, learn the difference between Knave and King on Portuguese cards, and be able to

make intelligible signs in English and Portuguese. So far we number six members—

Padre Jaime
Charles
Senhor Almaz
Bernardo Caixa
Roberto Pinto Gouvea
Me.

The Padre is a great go-between. He spent five years of his youth in California in pre-film days and speaks English with a raw coarse American accent that contrasts strongly with his lapses into the slick flowing civilities of his own tongue. He is a gentleman, and a bit of a scholar too, for he translated the Portuguese verse in pencil on the wall to—

*"It was a miracle divine
That changed the water into wine.
Lord save us from the ways of men
That want to change it back again!"*

The charcoal drawings on the low ceiling are by Bernardo Caixa. As art they are not much catch, but the pit headgear frame and the geological section between Lisbon and Oporto owe nothing to surrealism.

Charles laid it down early that the

essentials of all successful night-clubs are—

1. *Difficulty to get in.* (As long as we limit membership to six it's going to be pretty difficult to get in.)

2. *Difficulty to get out.* (As there is no closing-time in Portugal and drinks are very cheap it's frightfully difficult to get out.)

3. *Drinks.* (They are much better than their names. "Vignac," "Ametista," "Maceira" and "Aguardiente" are among the little things sent to try us.)

4. *Dancing.* (When Margarida and Juliana have finished washing-up they change into peasant's dress, wooden shoes and castanets. Some of the guitars are called in from the passage for this. Gentlemen are not allowed to place their arm round the waist of a lady during a dance in Vouzela. Charles has twice been nearly assassinated over this point.)

5. *Snacks.* (Have you ever taken some half-pound trout that you caught earlier in the evening, spitted them on green withies, and grilled them by hand over a red pine-cone fire? And are there any roast chestnuts like Portugal's?)

6. *Cabaret.*

7. *A Police Raid.*

As regards the cabaret, our two

permanent artists are Oliveira and "Roo-tu-Coo." Oliveira is a dark young man with flashing white teeth, equally proficient at playing on guitar-or heart-strings. He takes the floor in a black hat and cloak and looks very like a famous port-wine poster.

"Roo-tu-Coo" (so called from his famous imitation of a wood-pigeon) is a swarthy shepherd of the hills. His proper name is unknown, and he is very shy and a little deficient, but the world's best imitator of things of the wild.

Our cabaret always begins a little diffidently, but warms up towards the end. It starts on these lines:—

ITEM 1. *Imitation of call of great snowy owl* ("Roo-tu-Coo"). Rather flat, as it's too early in the evening—apparently much too early for the snowy owl, who calls rather nervously in a high tenor.

ITEM 2. *Love-ditty in minor key.*
(Sung and played by Oliveira, who is trying to catch the eye of Margarida peeping through the curtain.)

ITEM 3. *Senhor Almaz manipulating radio* (ringing rapid changes on Europe.

We have a little hot-air from Madrid, a little back-chat from Lisbon, and Fat-Stock Prices from England. The latter is listened to with tremendous attention, as it is thought here that England is the Chief Justice of the European Courts and that momentous words are being spoken.)

And so the evening goes on. There is an attentive crowd on the cobbles outside the shuttered windows, and beyond the red curtain the passage is stiff with cloaks and sombreros. Oliveira gets more and more impassioned and breaks string after string. "Roo-tu-Coo," refreshed with "Aguardiente," becomes more and more confident and correct in his bird imitations, until at length a small finch chirping in the hedgeside is made to deliver its notes with bull-like aggression.

I think our cabaret would satisfy those in search of something new.

The police raid was a first-class affair. None of your policemen in dinner-jackets trying to buy a green chartreuse and pronounce it properly at the same time, but horse, foot and

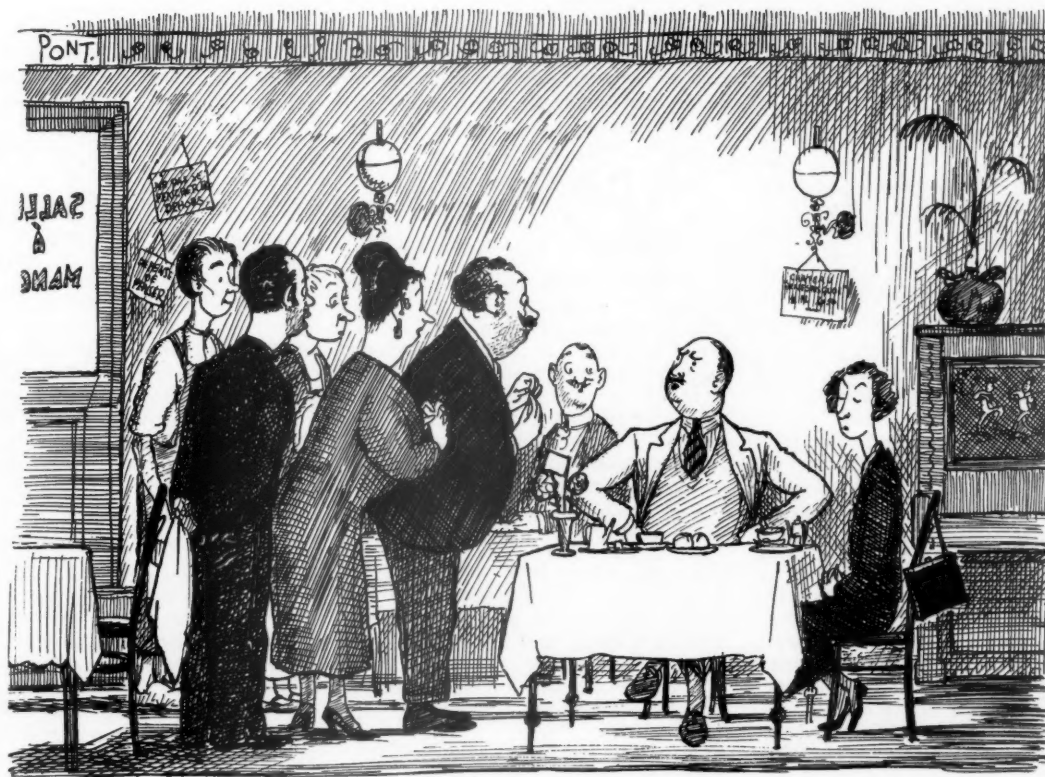
guns. For as long as we of the "Bar Mineiro" were locally credited with being anything between the Klu Klux Klan and a new political party we were all right. But some of the disgruntled dwellers in outer darkness threw out broad hints in our market town of Vizeu that a band of international gun-runners were running munitions into Red Spain from headquarters known as the "Bar Mineiro." The garrison at Vizeu turned out, marched twenty-five miles, surrounded us, called on us to surrender, were duly satisfied, and, being admitted and entertained four at a time, called it a night.

None of your night-clubs in town has had a raid like that. Charles was very bucked about it. It was, as he says, the complete lid, climax and apex of the "Bar Mineiro." T. B. H.

"If you are visiting the Scottish Show we extend a cordial invitation to you to inspect these remarkable cars on Stand No. 4. If not, a P.C. will bring one to your door."

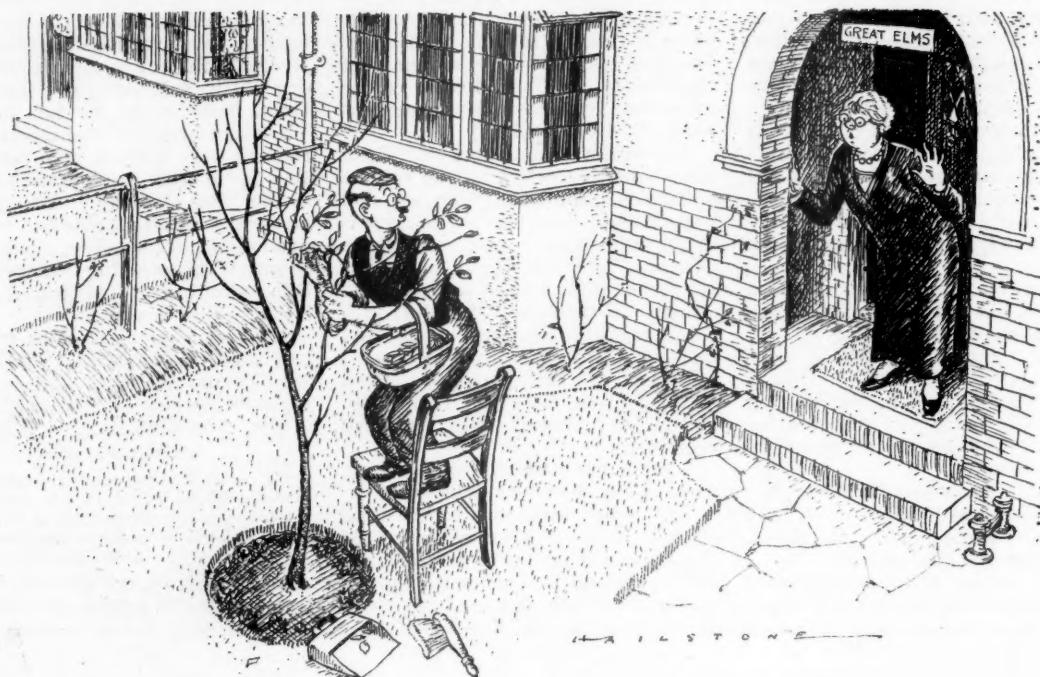
Advt. in Daily Paper.

And probably charge you with leaving it unattended in a public thoroughfare.



THE BRITISH CHARACTER

ABSOLUTE INDISPENSABILITY OF BACON AND EGGS FOR BREAKFAST



"AFTER ALL, DEAR, I'M ONLY ANTICIPATING NATURE—AND YOU KNOW WHAT A MESS IT MAKES ON THE LAWN."

Boo!

THEY have started boosting the boo again. Ought "the public" to go out quietly from a play they do not like, and not return? Or should they yell and throw eggs at the actors?

Here is one of the latest, and strangest, utterances in this old controversy:—

"While I realize the advantages of being able, by the mere turn of a knob, to bring an unsatisfactory radio programme to an end, I have no such privilege in theatre or cinema. True, I can leave, but only at the loss of my admission-money.

There are countries where the audience expresses its displeasure on the spot, but ours is not one of them. We are too polite.

Nevertheless, there ought to be some redress against bad performances. The point is, how to preserve the functions of effective criticism.

How can I know if I am a voice crying in the wilderness when I complain that I have received no pleasure from a film or a play or a concert?

Some means should be found of embodying individual audience-opinion in a representative form.

Nothing could be more helpful to the theatre, the cinema, or the concert-hall.

N—M—
(Chairman of the L.C.C. Parks Committee)
(Letter to the "News-Chronicle")

And how can I know if I am a voice crying in the wilderness when I complain that these remarks contain some "bad language" and cloudy thought? "Individual audience-opinion"! And does the gentleman really suppose that "by the mere turn of his knob" he is "preserving the function of effective criticism" or "embodying individual audience-opinion in a representative form"? Neither the B.B.C. nor the performer knows whether he turns his knob or not, unless he sits down and busily writes a postcard to tell them so. But the actors and the management know at once when he does not come to their theatre, or, having come, goes out.

Yet it is on this wholly fallacious comparison that the Great Complaint is founded.

It is still not clear to me whether this clear-minded gentleman would like to be able to embody his individual audience-opinion in a loud boo or bad egg, or not. "We are too polite," he

says. But does "too" here mean "excessively"? Who can tell?

If he is a thorough pro-Booer it was queer to reveal his office as Chairman of the Parks Committee. For what may be done in one place of recreation may surely be done in another. Suppose I take a dislike to some of the flowers or other decorations of the London parks. Am I to go about shouting at those ugly dahlias, hissing lobelia-beds, or hurling stones at the "bad" statues? Does the Chairman of the Parks Committee support the yahoos who throw paint and tar and things at the Rima? Presumably not. Yet they are only expressing their individual audience-opinion. And, logically, they have a stronger case for bad manners than the theatre-goer; for nobody is compelled to pay to go into a theatre or cinema, but we cannot avoid paying for the parks, through the rates.

Suppose, again, that by the wisdom of the Elders the children are forbidden to use the park swings on Sunday. Since they cannot express their audience-opinion by turning a knob, may they pursue the Elders as they walk to church and boo, or should they simply throw stones at the swings?

Some grown-ups, on the other hand, may dislike noisy children in the park

on week-days. What are they to do—knock the children about? They have their remedy through (a) the post and (b) the polls. But it is much less effective than the theatre non-goer's. Think again, Mr. Chairman.

The pro-Booers' argument is generally this, that since actors and managers welcome and expect audible applause they cannot reasonably object to audible disapproval. But here their logic fails as well as their manners. The notion seems to be that the alternative to the bestowal of a benefit is necessarily the infliction of an injury—instead of the withholding of the benefit. We clap a speech with which we agree; but if we do not agree with it is the only alternative to hiss? A tip, a bounty, an *ex gratia* payment rewards the waiter who pleases. If he does not please, may he be given a thick ear instead?

How queer and barbarous a doctrine! And where is it to stop? If I do not like the third-class carriages on the

Railway is the expression of my audience-opinion so important that I should be entitled to slash the seats? Others, after all, may wish to use the seats the same day; and others may be enjoying the play which the boomer desires to boo. For the boomer, by the way, does not limit the boo-itch to the end of the performance; he wants people to be allowed to boo all through the play. Here at least he is logical; but he is being not only boorish but tyrannical. For he is assuming that his taste is the only taste and his pleasure the only pleasure that matters.

I have not yet mentioned the odd delusion that actors are likely to act better next time if they are booed now and know that they may be booed again. This is not so. And, if it were, they would still be unable to alter the play.

The last and most comical delusion of the pro-Booer is this: that if these men of superior intelligence do not make rude noises the actors, managers, etc., will not know what the audience think about their work. In fact, of course, they know much sooner than the audience know themselves. To take an elementary example (and it seems necessary to keep this argument elementary), if there is, early in a play, a scene which the author and actors believed to be intensely funny, and it is performed without a giggle, the actors may well draw the conclusion at once that the whole play is sunk. The boomer, however brilliant, is not in their secrets and cannot be sure of this till later. But then, like the rest of us, he never does know quite so much as he thinks he knows. A. P. H.



DELICIOUS INTERLUDE

Sister Ann (as their favourite crooner comes on the air). "QUICK, CAROLINE—'SHOE SHINE BOY'!"

The Cure (or Kill)

(When in the throes of seasickness you should burst into song, according to Dr. JOHN HILL, surgeon in the "Aquitania," writing in the "British Medical Journal.")

I LEANT against the taffrail stout,
I trembled with the ship,
I turned around, I went about,
I much disliked the trip.
Depression settled o'er me thick,
I grieved I had not died;
I felt unwarrantably sick
And hated my inside.

When suddenly my brain was fired
With music up aloft;
With liquid notes I was inspired,
Lingering, dulcet, soft.
I sang the summer's witching days,
I sang the hectic spring,
I sang the autumn's sober ways
And winter's blustering.

I sang full-throated, like a bird
That carols in mid-air,
My themes were tragic and absurd,
I seemed to have the flair.
I paused for breath; the Captain cried,
"Come, don't do that, my lad!
Mates, crew and passengers have died
And I am raving mad."

At the Pictures

RUTH CHATTERTON RETURNS.

THE first thing to say about *Dodsworth*, the film constructed from the



WHAT OUR FAN HAS TO PUT UP WITH

Sam Dodsworth . . . WALTER HUSTON

novel by SINCLAIR LEWIS, is that it is very finely played, principally by RUTH CHATTERTON as *Fran Dodsworth*, and next by WALTER HUSTON, whom I was glad to find no longer masquerading as CECIL RHODES, as *Sam Dodsworth*, and next by MARY ASTOR as *Mrs. Cortwright*, the other woman in the case. Less important parts are also safe in the hands of GREGORY GAYE as *Kurt*, and of MARIA OUSPENSKAYA as *Kurt's mother*, the *Baroness*, who speaks excellent Austrian English and contrives to look strangely like a well-known English lord.

It is a long, long time since I have seen RUTH CHATTERTON whose starry career extends back to the period before talkies came in; but there is no doubt that, although not in her first youth, she is still as fine an actress as the screen possesses. But why do I say "although not in her first youth"? What nonsense! As it happens, to be not in her first youth is the position also of *Fran Dodsworth*, whom RUTH CHATTERTON impersonates, and the acting therefore is simplified; but it is very remarkable acting all

the same, and, I should guess, by no means easy. To see this deluded creature balancing the joys of flirtation with—in her case—its necessary perils is to taste more reality than the cinema is wont to offer. We disapprove of her, of course, and long for *Dodsworth* to get his freedom, and yet, such is Miss CHATTERTON's art, our sympathy is never wholly forfeited.

As for WALTER HUSTON, he is convincing too, but with less dexterity, for *Dodsworth* is a rough diamond; and rough diamonds are not complex. One of his remarks, as a loafer perforce in Italy, seemed to me to summarise the holiday ideal in perfection: "Time is something of which I have nothing else but."

This is a really excellent picture, with only one defect that I could see, and that is the height, just at the end, of *Mrs. Cortwright's* heels.

For Londoners, or those who come to London and while there look at a film, I can recommend *La Kermesse Héroïque* at Studio One in Oxford Street; but being French, with English captions that fade away much too quickly, it is unlikely to visit the provinces. The story itself, which is concerned with the astute opportunist wife of a Flemish burgomaster and her adroit salvation of his town from a band of marauding Spaniards, is amusing even if rather mechanical. What, however, is new and remarkable is the photography, which could hardly be better, and which, in addition to its



GRANNY GOES GAY

Fran Dodsworth RUTH CHATTERTON
Arnold Iselin PAUL LUKAS

vivacity, glides occasionally into hints of pictures by the Dutch masters—now a Frans Hals, now a Pieter de Hooch, now a Metsu.

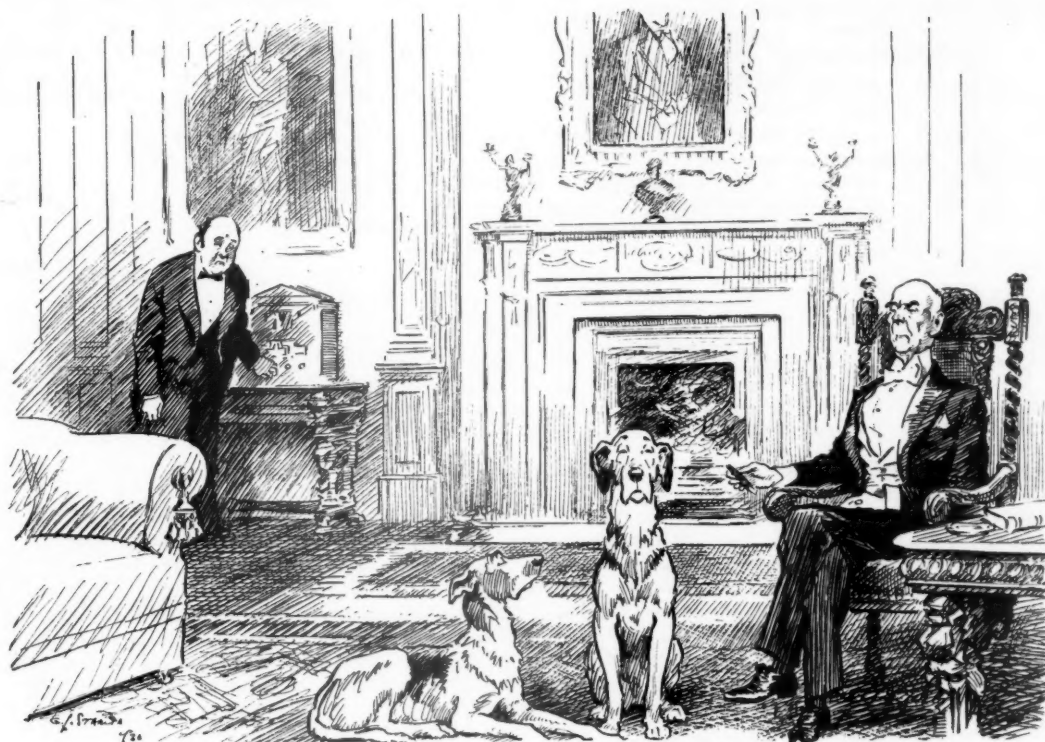
I have a strong notion, which is not growing weaker, that (like many concerns) the WALT DISNEY studio needs an editor. The latest *Mickey Mouse* coloured cartoon that I have



A SPHERE OF NO INFLUENCE

The Burgomaster ALERME
The Burgomaster's Wife . FRANCOISE ROSAY

witnessed—recording the adventures of *Pluto* after he has become heavily magnetised—makes such desperate efforts to be funny that it is not funny at all. The fireworks which, in a previous cartoon, the boxing *Hare* recently ignited within the scaly shell of the boxing *Tortoise*, tried the spectators rather high, and suggested that the ending of these films is becoming a difficult problem; but, silly though they were, they lasted not very long, whereas the impossible powers of attraction of the little magnet which *Pluto* swallows go on throughout the film and become wearisome. Now WALT DISNEY should never weary anyone. I am speaking in this case not only of myself but of most of the audience (or optence, as the movie papers say), who, I observed, neither laughed nor evinced any kind of pleasure. Except, I must add, once, and that was when *Pluto*, moving stealthily under the table, causes a metal clock on the top of the table to correspond with his movements of his back: an excellent example of WALT's ingenuity. E. V. L.



"DO YOU WISH ME TO SUMMON BERLIN OR ROME, YOUR GRACE?"

Dinner Control

THE experiment recently made in controlling traffic and pedestrians by means of broadcasting is, we understand, likely to lead to further developments. Already, indeed, the idea of Dinner Control has been taken up by Society. Chief credit for the innovation belongs to Lady Dunbrown, whose example in installing a control tower in her dining-room will doubtless be followed by other leaders of Society.

Lady Dunbrown's control tower has been most cleverly designed *en suite* with the room, which is in the Louis Quinze style, and so inconspicuous is it that none of the guests at her recent dinner-party was aware of the tower's existence until the controller took charge of the proceedings while the fish was being served. Her ladyship had given strict injunctions to the controller that his functions were to be limited to seeing that everyone was talking to someone else throughout the meal. No attempt was to be made by the controller on this occasion to

dictate topics of conversation or to regulate the manners of the guests.

A gentle reminder now and then was sufficient to make the party run smoothly. "Lord Soso, the Duchess is unoccupied. Sir Henry, take over Mrs. Wyldbore from his lordship, if you please"—an occasional warning of this type from the controller was all that was needed. It was generally agreed that the trial had been successful, but that the powers of the controller should be extended.

The Dinner Control Association was formed that evening, with Lady Dunbrown as president, and it was resolved there and then to make strong representations to the Lord Mayor of London with a view to a controller being installed at the forthcoming Guildhall Banquet. Lady Dunbrown kindly agreed to loan her controller for the occasion on condition that he was given precedence over everybody, including the Toast-Master. This concession was made after some demur on the part of the authorities, and a dress-rehearsal was held in Guildhall last night and was attended by members of the Press. The requisite number of guests and a

dummy meal were supplied by a well-known firm of caterers, and the controller was installed in the gallery with a microphone and a strong pair of field-glasses. An extract from the controller's running commentary is reproduced herewith by kind permission of the Dinner Control Association:—

"Your graces, my lords, ladies and gentlemen, pray silence over the turtle soup. . . . Steady, Sir William, steady; your left whisker is in the powdered ginger. . . . Lord Boreham, cannot you see that the woman in red—I forget her name—wants to talk to her other neighbour? Turn round at once and speak to her ladyship. . . . Now then, Colonel, now then! I can't hear that story, but I can see it, you know. . . . Lady Bullock, please don't forget that you are dieting. . . . Lord Boreham, you have been warned. . . . Oh, Sir Charles, Sir Charles! what is all that gravy doing on your shirt-front? Will any person who witnessed the accident communicate at once with—Hello! Hello! Hello! Your graces, my lords, ladies and gentlemen, pray silence for the Toast-Master!"

Garden Rubbish

By the Authors of "1066 And All That"

WHAT'S THE IDEA?

"O to be in England now that Dean Nuisance is on a Hellenic cruise!"—*Captain Pontoon*.

THE question which now shoots up is: *Why* exactly are you doing all this? Because Purposeless Gardening will get you nowhere (except into a state of all-over Unpleasaunce), and every true tenacious garden lover is expected to strive after one of the recognised ideals, such as "The Garden Beautiful" or "The Greenhouse Gay" or the Sweet Pea—rather sweet (don't you think?), or perhaps nothing more ambitious than The Cold Frame Partially Intact or The Old Gardener Occasionally Sober (don't you believe it).

Though between you and us and the compost the activities of garden lovers can (alas) be far more objectively divided into four Recognisable Frenzies—the common object of which is clearly to weed out one's own inferiority complex and make the neighbours feel like worms—namely:—

I.—ROCK GARDENING

On the face of it a rockery appears to be an attempt to pile up rocks and then hide them with invisible plants, or to pile up invisible plants and then hide them with rocks.

The true purpose of rock-gardening, however, is to triumph over Nature as well as the neighbours by first making gardening as difficult as possible and then succeeding in growing minute flowers—tiny saxifrages, teeny febrifuges and weeny-weeny sweet sarcophaguses—in the face of all the difficulties or even on the faces of all the rocks.



FIG. 1. A WONDERFUL SHOW OF ALPINE PLANTS

"Thus the main idea of the rock gardener is to produce a wonderful show of high-Alpine plants in a sunken garden, preferably at sea-level. Or perhaps by contemplating these outcrops of *Freesia pontresina*, *Phlox phunicula*, *Tobogany* and the like, to delude himself into thinking that he is in Switzerland; in which case, provided he never goes to Switzerland, he will be able to keep up the illusion."—*Capt. Pontoon*.

Rock Gardening is in any case compulsory because if you don't have a rockery you will be pestered all day by neighbourly *Jungfraus* barging in on you with good advice, edelweiss, boasts, boulders and bunches of Sweet Fanny Adams from their own miniature Matterhorns.

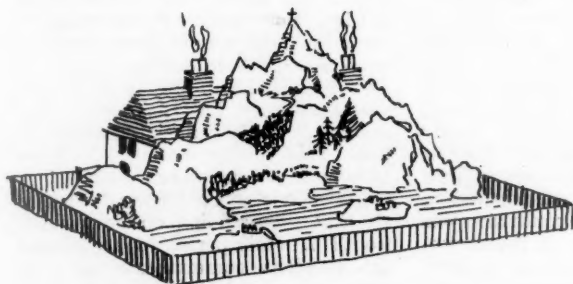


FIG. 2. ALPINE SCENE. NO USE OVERDOING IT

But don't get carried away: don't order a whole mountain over from the Engadine, complete with chamois, avalanches, glaciers and pine-forests careering up and down it.

Even the text-books say, "Be economical at first in the use of stone." We agree; no use overdoing even that (see Fig. 2).

At the same time, it's no good being cowardly: one stone with a single sprig of *Tinitosis Carter Paterson* on the top and some moss round the base will only resemble a petrified Christmas pudding (see Fig. 3).

Another point: if you get the stones too small people will mistake your rockery for a pile of road-mending material and tramps will come and sit on it and eat things out of paper-bags, and no one will get the idea of being in Switzerland.

While if you get the stones too big you will never be able to move them from wherever the contractor first dumped them and your rock garden will be permanently in the wrong place (see Fig. 4).



FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.

We could give you lots more good adweiss, such as "start at the bottom" and "insert a little earth before it's too late" and so on, but the really important things to remember are (1) that a rockery *must* be designed to represent something in miniature—say the devastated area in Flanders, 1918, or an Island in the Hebrides, e.g., Rum, or Eigg, or, simplest of all, Muck; and (2) that the most frenzied form of screemasonry is *Moraine Gardening* (briefly, imitating the devastated area left after a glacier has rushed by) which, according to the experts, is "best done at the foot of a steep cliff" (you may have to move your house for this); and (3) that the flowers will be so small you can hardly see them.

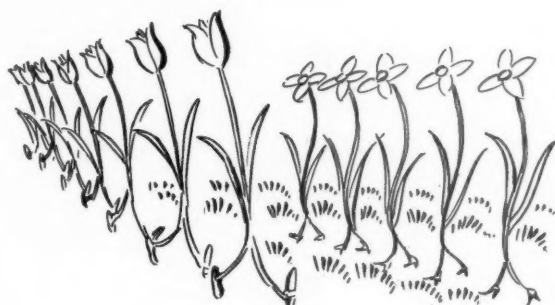
Indeed our ingenious friend Captain Pontoon has thoughtfully installed a large magnifying-glass tethered by a chain to a post in his Alpine garden "to enable my guests," as he puts it, "to see the point."



II.—POOPING THE COLOURS

"... and largest of all, *Viscountess Gladstone*, delicate mauve-pink, flushed scarlet."—*Garden Manual*.

(a) *Parade Gardening*. Not to be confused with Marine Parade Gardening, the all-embracing object of which is to provide flirting-embrasures for the Visitors, the idea of



Parade Gardening is to stage a sort of horticultural tattoo with "scarlet tulips marching and counter-marching 'twixt the serried ranks of wallflower" or peradventure "frail cosmetick columbines like slender mannequins asway..." (see your favourite garden magazine).

The idea, as is only too well known, lends itself to original colour-screams such as "a plethora of blood-red geraniums interveined with sanguinary blue lobelia"; and the only snag is that the parade is apt to get out of control, resulting in what is (alas) only too well known as "a riot of colour" (? Anarchist Gardening).

(b) *Torch Gardening*. One of the Recognised Ideals for Garden-lovers is "The Herbaceous Border Ablaze from June to October" (what a hope!) and the recognised snag is that the "herbs" will not come up punctually and that the border is always asnag with vexaceous gaps.

"The remedy," says Captain Pontoon, "is to plug the gaps by planting high-voltage *Gladiolus* bulbs; and if the result is a complete black-out due to your having accidentally plugged-in an onion, thus fusing the whole garden, I can only suggest that you stare fixedly at the blinding show of *Sweet William*, *Old Harry* and *Eschscholtzia Hore-Belitzia* on page 10 of your seedsman's catalogue and then suddenly transfer the gaze to the nearest expanse of vacant soil. As a last resort, you might try taking part of the garden and looking at it through my special rose-tinted spectacles."

(To be continued)

Tale of a Hat

From a trans-Atlantic source, but embroidered for poesie

HE took his hat to an aerodrome where an airman poised for flight
And he held it under the airman's nose, who shuddered in half affright
(For the hat he saw was a mangy hat) till he heard its owner's plight:

"Oh I am a clerk in a humble way with little of worldly worth,
My daily round is a round of toil, my feet are clamped to the earth,

But my soul is the soul of a pioneer, and so it has been from birth.

To drive through the air in a lightning swoop, to rush in a speed-line train,
To ring this world through thundering seas, I have dreamed and dreamed again,
But to sixty-odd and a family man such dreams are all too vain.

So take my hat on your next wild flight, pass it from hand to hand,
Start it away to the furthest seas and the uttermost faerie land
Where hills wax cool for the clambering mule or palms droop low on the strand;

Shove it along till it comes back home from ringing the wide world round,
And I'll wait on till it lands up here (unless it gets lost or drowned)
And live my dreams in a free-borne hat, though clamped each foot to the ground."

Short the answer the airman made; he pulled out a piece of string,
And rose in his flight with an ancient hat made fast to his nearside wing,
And they heard him cry as he swung on high, "Fore gad, I will do this thing."

Days went on and weeks went on and nothing of news was heard,
But the tale of the travelling hat passed round, and the heart of the town was stirred,
And the eyes of the people looked to the East as it were for a homing bird.

And up the river a great ship came, and her lusty siren blew,
And there at the mast was a hat made fast, a hat that was far from new,
And the crowds ran out and the bells pealed forth, and nobly the bunting flew.

It had come from lands where the sun burnt hot, from hills where the wind swept cool,
From Western cities and coralline isles and the palms of far Stamboul,
By sea and air, by a stream-line train, and the hurricane deck of a mule.

And the Mayor went down to retrieve that hat, and they bore it home on high,
And bands played jazz and national airs as it proudly flaunted by,
And the owner's happy, I understand. And so, as a fact, am I. DUM-DUM.

"Mr. Gell is accompanied on his visit by Mr. A. P. M. Thomas, a contributor to the 'Signet.'"—*I.O.M. Paper*.

So much more elegant than the usual "Writer to the Signet."

"If there is no squeak with the engine running and car stationary, jack up the rear wheels securely and run the engine, getting into gear and allowing the rear wheels to revolve. If the noise is then heard it will be in the transmission. If there is no noise, let the rear wheels down and switch off the engine."—*Motor Paper*.

If possible before a splintering noise shows that the car has entered the greenhouse.

Little Ivy and the Two Ugly Sisters

THERE were once two ugly sisters who lived with their father, the wholesale clothier, in the sham-Gothic mansion which stands on that hill just above the parish church in the select residential quarter of Bilbury. The eldest sister was called Alderman Eleanor Pilbeam, and she was Chairman of the Improvements Committee on the Town Council and honorary secretary of the Linen League. And the other one was called Miss Hannah Pilbeam, and she was President of the Bilbury Literary and Debating Society and author of *Round About Bilbury*, *Only a Bilbury Girl* and several other books which had been published at half-a-crown each by Messrs. Blottus and Inkstain, of 79, High Street, Bilbury.

Well, living with them in the sham-Gothic mansion was their step-sister, Ivy, the household drudge. She had to spend her time keeping an eye on the servants, doing the housekeeping, arranging the flowers and looking after their father and stopping him from eating his cheese off his knife whenever they had grand company in for Sunday lunch.

Many a time she would go to the elder of her ugly step-sisters and say, "Can't I be on the Town Council too, please?" but the eldest sister would only jeer at her and say, "What, you on the Town Council? Don't make me laugh. Why, you don't know the difference between a Public Assistance Board and a Main Drainage Scheme. Get back to your work and see that the roast beef is not underdone again next Sunday."

And then Ivy would go along to her second ugly step-sister and say, "Please, couldn't I join the Literary Society and write books like you?" But the second ugly step-sister would only snigger down her long thin nose and say, "Mai deah cheild! You scarcely know the difference between T. S. ELIOT and BERNARD SHAW. You are much happiah in your own sphere of life. And don't let's have any more of that stinking bit of cheese you gave us yesterday for lunch."

And then Ivy would go sorrowfully back to the kitchen and find that the cook had given notice and that her father's underwear had not come back from the wash that week.

Well, one evening Alderman Eleanor Pilbeam came home rather excited and carrying a copy of the evening paper. "Do you see this?" she cried. "*The Bilbury Argus* is running a competition to discover 'Miss Bilbury,' and they are going to have Councillor Fred Barber to judge it. They call him 'Bilbury's handsomest bachelor.' It so happens that Mr. Barber is quite a friend of mine; I've been thinking how funny it would be if he were to choose me. That's the sort of thing that does happen in these ridiculous competitions." And Alderman Eleanor Pilbeam giggled a bit nervously.

"Surely, Eleanor," said her sister coldly, "you don't want to go in for a vulgar competition of this sort?"

"No, of course not, Hannah. In my position I shouldn't dream of it for a moment. But the fact that a councillor is to be the judge means that the Town Council will have to approve of it officially. I may have to go in for it as part of my duties."

"Well, I don't know," said Miss Hannah Pilbeam, "I should have thought that if any public body had to be represented in a beauty contest it would be the Literary Society. After all, we are responsible for keeping the sacred flame of art burning in Bilbury. Can you think of

anyone in the Society who is suitable to go in for it, my dear?"

"No," said Alderman Eleanor Pilbeam.

"Well, I shall have a talk to them all at the next meeting," said Miss Hannah. "And I shall try to persuade someone. Failing that I suppose I shall have to go in for it myself. But I can see that I shall have to endure a lot of chaff if I happen to win."

Well, next morning, as soon as Councillor Fred Barber, who was a building contractor, arrived at his office, his clerk told him that a lady had called to see him. So he said, "Show her in," and at that Alderman Eleanor Pilbeam swept into the office.

"Ah, Mr. Barber," she said, "I've called to see you about the new baby clinic which we are thinking of building in Woodgate Road. I think your firm made a tender for the work?"

"That's right," said Councillor Fred Barber.

"Well, it so happens that your tender is not the lowest by any means. But I believe in encouraging local enterprise and I am ready to put in a good word for you to the Improvements Committee. So I just called to see if you still wanted the contract?"

"Ay, I wouldn't mind it," said Councillor Fred Barber.

"Very well, then, that's settled—though I can't promise anything, of course. By the way, Mr. Barber, I expect you will be pretty busy just now. I heard you are to be the judge in some beauty competition or other that's been got up."

"That's right," said Councillor Fred Barber.

"My sister and I were talking about it last night, and we both agreed what a joke it would be if you happened to choose me."

"Rr," said Councillor Fred Barber.

And with that Alderman Eleanor Pilbeam swept out of the room. But she hadn't been gone long when the clerk announced that Miss Hannah Pilbeam would like a word with him. "Show her in," said Councillor Fred Barber.

"I have come," said Miss Hannah Pilbeam, "to discuss my new book with you, Mr. Barber. You may remembah that in *Round About Bilbury* I devoted a chaptah to our public men, and, perhaps as a result of my little appreciation, Alderman Thomson was unanimously elected mayor the following yeah. In my new book I had thought of describing the more promising of the youngah men."

"Oh, ay?" said Councillor Fred Barber.

"And if you don't mind, Mr. Barber, I had thought of mentioning you particularly as the future mayor of Bilbury."

"Nay, I don't mind," said Councillor Fred Barber.

"That is a great relief to my mind, Mr. Barber. Well, I must be going now. I hear you are to be the judge in a beauty competition that someone has got up."

"That's right," said Councillor Fred Barber.

"My sister has been trying to persuade me to entah for the honour of the Literary Society. She tells me it is my duty, but of course I don't pay any attention to her. Still it would be most amusin' if I happened to win, wouldn't it, Mr. Barber?"

"Rr," said Councillor Fred Barber.

"Well," he thought to himself after she'd gone, "it's lucky she herself doesn't want to go in for it, otherwise I might find myself in queer street." But later on in the day, when he was having his bit of lunch, he suddenly thought, "Why, dang it! perhaps she does want to." And then he thought, "Either I've got to miss yon contract or I've got to miss being put down in print as future Mayor of Bilbury." And it seemed to him that the best thing he

could do was to go up to their house that evening and see if he could get any sense out of the pair of them.

So that evening he brushed his suit carefully and set off up the hill to the sham-Gothic mansion. But when he arrived there he found he'd come too early. They told him that the two ugly sisters weren't expected back for another half-hour; so he said he would come in and wait for them.

Well, when he got into the sumptuous drawing-room that had real plush curtains and oil-paintings all the way down the walls, he found that little Ivy was there arranging the flowers and cursing them pretty heartily because she hated the sight of the beastly things.

"Who the heck are you?" she asked as Councillor Fred Barber came forward twisting his cap in his great red hands.

"I'm a member of Bilbury Town Council," he said, quiet but dignified.

"Yes, you look like it," said little Ivy.

"Well," he thought, "that's no way to talk to a chap that *The Bilbury Argus* says is the handsomest bachelor in Bilbury." But all he said was, "Nice little place you've got here."

"You think so, do you?" said little Ivy. "Well, you wouldn't if you had to live here with two ugly step-sisters and a father in his second childhood."

"Shame on you, Miss!" said Councillor Fred Barber. "There's many a young lady that wouldn't ask for no better chance in life than to look after her poor old father."

"Oh-o, you needn't think I'm missing any of my chances," said little Ivy. "I've been making the old man's life such a burden to him that he's just had to alter his will, leaving everything to me, so as to get a bit of peace. The ugly step-sisters don't know that yet. What a laugh we are going to have when the old man dies!"

"Rr," thought Councillor Fred Barber to himself, and he got up and left the house in a very thoughtful frame of mind.

Well, the night of the beauty contest arrived, and the two ugly sisters were putting on their best frocks and preening themselves in front of a mirror when the eldest looked out and saw Councillor Fred Barber's car coming up the drive.

"How nice!" she said. "Mr. Barber has come for me in his car."

"Don't be ridiculous, Eleanor," said her sister; "as if he would do such a thing! But it would be rather amusin' if he had come to fetch poor little me."

But at that moment the parlourmaid came up to say that Councillor Barber had called to take little Ivy to the beauty contest.

"What nonsense is this?" cried Alderman Eleanor Pilbeam. "Of course she can't go; she's got to stay at home and put father to bed."

However, little Ivy had already slipped out by the back-



"YOU WERE WRONG IN YOUR CALCULATION THAT THE DROUGHT WILL END NEXT TUESDAY, DOCTOR. I'VE JUST BEEN WORKING IT OUT MYSELF AND IT'S REALLY TUESDAY WEEK."

door and was away off to the beauty contest with Councillor Fred Barber. And when they got to the Assembly Rooms where it was being held, Councillor Barber picked out little Ivy to receive the title of "Miss Bilbury" and presented her with the return ticket to Blackpool which *The Bilbury Argus* had given as a prize.

And not long after that little Ivy and Councillor Fred Barber were married at the parish church. The two ugly sisters were bridesmaids, and everyone said that, by contrast, little Ivy made a beautiful bride. And when her father died she was able to buy a house that had no fewer than seven turrets on it, besides the three on the garage; so they lived happily ever after. H. W. M.

"Fraserburgh is a substantially built town and it needs to be, especially when the wind is in the north or the east. The town emerged from the onslaught of one of the worst gales it has experienced for a very long time without suffering more serious damage than it did."—*Local Press*.

You can believe this or not according to whether you do or don't.



"NEVER MIND ABOUT ALF, DEARIE—IT'LL BE ALL THE SAME A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE."
 "IT'LL BE ALL THE SAME TO-MORROW MORNING—ONLY WHO'S TO TAKE ME OUT TO-NIGHT?"

Britwell Salome

THE name danced on the sign,
 The letters kicked!
 A cockle village,
 A place to merrymake,
 A place of peppermint and tipsy-cake,
 Sloe-gin and cowslip-wine.
 The only road to take
 At twilight, said the sign.
 Come, put your hand in mine.

Together then we crossed
 The Ickneild Way,
 Past hayricks sliced
 With shadow's blue-black blade,
 Forgotten fields in winding-sheets long laid
 Against the autumn frost,
 And little openings made
 Where hare or fox had crossed
 And been for ever lost.

And so by stick and stone
 Into the village.
 But the signpost lied.
 There was no dance. Instead
 An old man with a monkey on his head

Was walking all alone
 Outlined in sunset red
 Against the darkened stone,
 Trundling a gramophone.

What brought him there to play
 In front of those
 Dim shuttered doorways?
 He passed the signpost by
 And could no more resist than you and I.
 But what a wasted day,
 Wheezing to roof and sky
 Which had no word to say,
 No coin to give away!

When we go there again
 It may not be
 Together or
 On such a lovely night;
 Fields may not be the same,
 Even the village may have changed its name.
 To us alone remain
 The man, the sunset-flame,
 The ghost of a refrain,
 A monkey on a chain.



REMEMBRANCE

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Impressions of Parliament

Tuesday, November 3rd.—After the KING this morning had added another milestone to the new reign by opening Parliament, both Houses indulged in traditionally mild surveys of the Gov-



OPENING THE BALL

MISS HORSBRUGH AND MR. NICOLSON

ernment's intentions, as set out in the Gracious Speech.

Wearing the uniform of a Deputy-Lieutenant, Lord DARTMOUTH led the way in the Upper House with a good speech devoted mainly to the foreign side of the year's agenda, and in a similar uniform Lord CORNWALLIS followed him and discoursed creditably on its domestic aspects. Dissatisfaction being the proper attitude for the Leader of the Opposition, Lord SNELL found it in what he described as "a diplomatic elusiveness which had probably never been excelled"; and, Lord GAINFORD having expressed polite wonder from the Liberal Benches at the use of the phrase, "My relations with foreign Powers continue to be friendly," Lord HALIFAX wound up, asking that there should be less loose talk about war and reminding the Labour Party that the French Government had unwaveringly approved the policy of non-intervention in Spain.

Meanwhile history was being enacted in the Commons, where Miss HORSBRUGH celebrated the further emancipation of women by moving the Address, very charmingly and in a brown velvet evening-gown. She

referred slyly to the crumbling of a fortress-wall which had defended the citadel of male prerogative, and said that, however she acquitted herself, she would be comforted by the knowledge that the job had never been done better by a woman. Mr. HAROLD NICOLSON, dressed as a Diplomatist, seconded, speaking with great ease and without even a note, and told the House that, although beside the hysterical unanimity of the totalitarian States the glorious uproar of our free speech conveyed an impression of disharmony, there were three things on which the British public were solid: they did not want war, nor any form of dictatorship, nor to lose what they now possessed.

The absence from the Speech of any new plan for dealing with the Special Areas was Mr. ATTLEE's chief criticism, but the P.M., who followed him, held out hope that the Bill to unify mining royalties might go a long way towards helping that industry.

Wednesday, November 4th.—Rabbits are beyond question the prime hereditary enemies of the House of Lords, and any mention of a concerted movement for outwitting them is certain to produce scenes of remarkable enthusiasm. This afternoon Lord MERTHYR's motion, that a Select Committee be appointed to improve the Peer's strategy in this respect and to investigate the effect of banning the gin-trap, was joyously agreed to.

In the Commons the Petition of the Jarrow marchers was presented by Miss ELEN WILKINSON, and another from Tyneside on behalf of Jarrow

was presented by Sir NICHOLAS GRATTAN-DOYLE. Mr. RUNCIMAN seemed to think that improved conditions on Tyneside would make a lot of difference to Jarrow, but Sir SAMUEL HOARE stated that there was now no chance of Admiralty contracts going there.

When the debate on the Address



THE MEMBER FOR DEMOCRATIC PROPAGANDA

"There has never been a time when it has been more important to advocate the virtues of our own institutions."—Col. WEDGWOOD on the "History of Parliament," of which the first volume is shortly to be published.]

was continued, Mr. ALEXANDER led off for the Opposition with a positive keening at the lamentable way in which the country was going to the devil as a result of the National Government. His sadness was infectious, but it left Mr. ELLIOT the fairly simple task of asking whether Mr. ALEXANDER wanted more or less rearmament, whether, when Mr. ALEXANDER suggested that the Government's neglect of the people's nutrition was the reason for slow recruitment, the pronouncements of the Labour Party had had nothing to do with it, and how Mr. ALEXANDER squared his gloom with the fact that, while two men a minute night and day were losing their jobs towards the end of the Labour Government's tenure, one man a minute got a new job last year.

The rest of the debate showed all-round satisfaction that the physical condition of the nation was being taken seriously, and brought from Sir FRANCIS FREMANTLE a few trenchant words on over-eating, and from Mr. BURKE a tribute to the way in which the Scandinavian countries went out for physical culture without militarism.



OUR BACK-BENCH WHO'S WHO

You cannot gull
S.-W. Hull,
Which quickly saw
A champion of herring-do in Mr. Law.



"PARDON ME, DOCTOR SCUDAMORE. ONE DOESN'T SPEAK OF A HERD OF LIONS. THE CORRECT TERM, I BELIEVE, IS PRIDE."

Full Speed Ahead!

I AM not pretending to have made a discovery when I say that Ice Hockey is the fastest game that is played and probably the most exciting to watch; but I think that, however hackneyed, the remark is worth making again because of the game's increasing popularity. To see Ice Hockey required, not so long ago, careful arrangement of dates; but there is now a match almost every evening either at Harringay or Streatham or Earls Court or Richmond or Wembley.

Although it was several evenings ago that at Harringay I saw the Toronto Dukes, who are on a brief visit to England, in a terrific struggle with the Harringay Racers, the clash of hockey-sticks is still in my ears, and when I close my eyes I can see padded athletes flashing before me at an incredible velocity. They were beaten, it is true, these Canadian Noblemen, but they struck me as a very formidable lot, and their head, or "main spark plug in this well-oiled high revving machine," MOOSE ECCLESTON, has a voice that could be heard all over the adjacent Finsbury Park. Says MOOSE, concerning this mighty organ, "It is not the speed that the

team use in attack; what counts is the speed they get back up the ice again after they lose the puck. It is then that my voice comes in." It is, indeed.

Although MOOSE has been an illustrious player, he is now only the manager and abetter of all this blue blood, some of whose liveliest corpuscles are BEEF CORRIGAN (who, coming over on the *Aquitania*, "ate himself into fifteen pounds extra weight"), SMILER GRANT, KNOTHOLE BRADD, RED HERON, BLONDIE SUTCLIFFE and EDDIE MEPHAM.

Whether I shall be able to see the Toronto Dukes again on this trip is doubtful; but I hope to see some of the other League teams, the Wembley Lions or Wembley Monarchs, the Harringay Racers, who the other evening beat the Toronto Dukes by 3 to 2, or the Harringay Greyhounds, the Richmond Hawks or the Brighton Tigers, the Earls Court Rangers or the Earls Court Royals, the Rapide de Paris or the Français Volants.

Great fun it would be choosing a name for yet another team. With Royals, Monarchs, Dukes, Lions, Tigers and Hawks all gone, what should we do? Princes, Panthers, Earls, Viscounts, Leopards, Falcons and Swifts are left; but I think I prefer the word

Bloods. There must be a new Ice Hockey team called the Something-or-other Bloods.

In any case I find, whatever the London team is called, it often has a Canadian or even an American basis. Fan Heximer, for example, one of the most illustrious of the Harringay Racers, "an exceptionally fast skater and dynamite in opposing blue line," comes from Pittsburg, Pa.: "a second, Ching Johnson, boasts broken leg, ankle, nose and teeth." I saw none of these defects when I was at Harringay; probably there was no time. All I saw was a human whirlwind somewhat shapeless as to protective clothes but indescribably graceful in his appalling onset; and I hope soon to see him again.

There have, of course, for many years been artificial ice-rinks, but they were for the few. These new great stadiums are for the many, and no sooner was the match over than the floor was covered by skaters, not always the most expert; while an interval had been occupied by a lady ex-champion whose miraculous convolutions filled most of us with envy. There are twelve miles of pipes, I was told, under the Harringay floor, prepared in a brief quarter-of-an-hour to convert this vast surface of water into

ice. Those of us, I thought, who have level gardens or sufficient basement-room should at once see about the installation of a sufficient number of pipes (a few feet of them should be all that is needed) to make ice in the home; for surely skating is the most beautiful form of progress imaginable.

E. V. L.

"For Sale"

(The Old Country Mansion Speaks)

It started long, long back
When Master Guy
Got killed in France;
That's why
The Squire
Let everything go crack
And seemed to tire
And fail. . . .
After a while
I saw the family pack
And go—I don't know where.
(Had to—they'd got no chance
With wages, bills and taxes post-War
style.)
So here stand I

Empty and stripped and bare—
"For Sale."

"For Sale!"
Who's going to buy
A mansion on my scale—
All stairs and wasted space?
Who's going to try
To keep these grounds
Under a thousand pounds?
Pretty?
No doubt;
But one small corner of these acres
Would hold the Garden City.
In any case
You'd never get the staff—
Not nowadays.
There was one swell
Came nosing round about
(And talked of an hotel.
Me an hotel—don't laugh!)
He went his ways,
And that was no great pity. . . .
Yes, here stand I—
"For Sale": no takers.

Well, now they say
(This is the latest)

This new arterial road
The County Council's planned,
Cutting from town to town,
Must come this way—
This being straightest—
Right slap through where I stand,
And therefore I'll come down. . . .
Grand!
Sorry? Not much. The Council has my
thanks;
I say, "Come on—
Come on with blast and shot,
Shovel and spade and pick—
Come quick!"
I was a beauty spot,
But now, good lord! I'm much, much
better gone.
"For Sale" . . . No takers . . . I shall
thank my stars
When no one any more can see my
face
And in its place
Great thumping charabancs
And nasty little cars,
Buses and lorries and the rest of it
O'er my foundations speed and spin
and spit . . .
Finis. I quit!

H. B.



BEAUCHAMP? 36

Refined Barmaid. "FLOSSIE HAS GOT MARRIED NOW, SIR, AND HAS GONE TO LIVE IN PERSHAW."
Customer. "REALLY! PERSHORE IN WORCESTERSHIRE?"
Barmaid. "NO, SIR—PERSHAW IN AYSHAW."

At the Play

"MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL" (DUCHESS)

BECKET on the stage this year has had a career of such great and unpredictable success as to challenge comparison with his career in history. A play originally written for church celebrations in Canterbury continued to fill the little Fortune Theatre through the spring, and, after travelling, has now settled down in the West End at the Duchess Theatre. It is an astonishing thing, for the play offers none of the usual attractions. It is concerned with the return of BECKET to Canterbury, with his premonition of martyrdom, and his death.

The Duchess Theatre gives more scope for a stage setting, but it is of the simplest. The drama is poetic drama in which the gestures are symbolic just as the language does not seek to imitate the thirteenth century but is Mr. ELIOT's own idiom. With all this there must be remarkable qualities in the play and the acting to hold attention as they do. The language is remarkable for its force and for its power of conveying in fresh and often homely everyday phrases the high truths with which the play is concerned.

From the first moment, when the women of Canterbury, who are the chorus, express their forebodings, this union of everyday life with spiritual elevation is achieved, and it is maintained throughout. The *Tempters* can appear to *Becket* one by one in costumes that in another setting would suggest fancy-dress on board ship or otherwise improvised. Here their costumes not only do not matter, they illustrate the achievement of the language, the bringing of doctrinal truths about the human soul and its temptations out of the realm of pulpit abstractions and into common life. The devils not only believe, they are themselves highly credible.

In such a setting Mr. ROBERT SPEAIGHT has made a great name as *Becket*. It does not matter that the real BECKET of history was a very different man, much older than the young ascetic which is the outward form Mr. SPEAIGHT assumes. What he has to show is a triumphing will. This is not an historical reconstruc-

tion but a morality play, and Mr. SPEAIGHT's concern is with a timeless world. *King Henry* and the enemies and friends of 1170 are never allowed to be more than shadowy figures, and what holds the stage is the battle in the soul of the man, a man who

a duty to preach, to explain what is happening to his monks and the people of the town.

But what happens in the play is not political. The *motif* keeps recurring that it is no part of men's business to expect to know fully what they are doing, or why. Mr. ELIOT has been immensely skilful in lightening the grave burden of what he has to say with adventitious touches of humour, as in the admirable speech of the Norman baron who comes tempting the *Archbishop* to form his own party. The baron, with his suggestion of golf and plus-fours, bridges the centuries to embody a class and its abiding mood.

I thought that the proportions of the play were distorted by the speeches in which the four *Knights* justify to the audience the murder of the *Archbishop* from the highest motives. It is perhaps expecting too much of actors who are egged on by the appetite of the audience for simple light relief, but the inarticulateness and cant are not subdued and tend for a few perilous minutes to change the whole note of the play. We know that none of this could have happened if Mr. SPEAIGHT was not out of action impersonating the murdered man off-stage, because while he is on the stage his authority is remarkable. He does not need to be speaking to hold the stage. All his silences are pauses and preparations for the tremendous lines which he delivers with full effect. D. W.



IMPORTUNATE WOMEN OF CANTERBURY

happens also to be the *Archbishop*. His office gives character to his problems; it gives him, for example,



SO YOUNG AND SO OBSTINATE
Thomas Becket. MR. ROBERT SPEAIGHT

"TILL THE COWS COME HOME" (ST. MARTIN'S)

It may be objected that war is too serious a subject to be satirised in light comedy; but equally it may be said that for indicating the weaknesses of so ridiculous a method of settlement no more suitable medium could be found, and even wondered at that no dramatist has yet reproduced in a nursery the moral causes of war, where they are all generally to be found.

An English village, the sphere of operations selected by Mr. GEOFFREY KERR, accommodates the seeds of strife just as commodiously as Europe, and any Parliamentary Election will show that it is scarcely more difficult for English villagers to be moved by a forceful personality than it is for the members of a totalitarian State to be

mesmerised by a Minister for Propaganda into swallowing his words like cream. Mr. KERR's parallels are worked out quite neatly, and an unflinching sense of dialogue helps him to cover the serious intention of his play with a sugar coating of good comedy.

Major wars having been started by a mere face, the accidental divergence of a stream is a defensible beginning for a village feud. Official boundary between the lands of *Farmer Farwell* and *Farmer Higgs*, the stream in its changed course conceded an acre or two of *Farwell's* land to *Higgs*; the first was a decent peace-loving fellow, the second a pugnacious, unscrupulous grabber, and the situation was complicated by the presence on the disputed land of a poor tenant allowed by *Farwell's* generosity to remain for nothing, but threatened by *Higgs* with rent or eviction.

That was the preliminary situation and not so very remote from world politics. The squire of the village, a friendly conservative old gentleman, had a son who was the ginger-member of the British Cabinet and personally responsible not only for a rapid rearmament but also for a foreign policy of distinct aggression. On the pretext of overwork, no amount of which could in fact have impaired his appalling vitality, he had snatched a brief holiday in the country. An early-morning ramble taking him to *Higgs' cottage*, where he had breakfast, he was attracted by a fellow-ruthlessness in *Higgs* and advised the little bully to hang on to his doubtfully-gotten land. After breakfast, when the squabble was brought up to the manor-house, *Robert* displayed a more temperate and Front-Bench approval; but it was not until the afternoon, by which time he had met and fallen in love with *Joan*, had left the gate of her field unlatched and had thus allowed her pedigree Jerseys to stray on to *Higgs' land*, where they were instantly impounded against the payment of extortionate damages, that this exponent of the big battalions transferred his allegiance, with the whirlwind of organisation which this implied, to the other camp.

What followed was farce, the posting of a sentinel armed with a 12-bore over the cows by *Higgs* being answered by the

of a rusty '22 rifle. But *Robert's* impassioned harangue, which magicked the suspicious rustics into a putty-minded mob of potential murderers, was a model for aspiring demagogues; and, the unexpected harbinger of peace, the obstetric emergency in the *Higgs' family* for which the manor-house telephone, gladly lent, was the only solution, seemed to me a very fair comment on the logic of war and the marvellous decency of the individual combatants.

The driving-force of the play is obviously in the part of *Robert*, and this Mr. LESLIE BANKS seizes with both hands, extracting from it the maximum irony and humour. Miss ADRIANNE ALLEN is a delightful *Joan*, and cleverly makes the most of the point that nothing can surpass the ferocity of a pacifist at bay in defence of peace; Mr. C. V. FRANCE's portrait of the old Squire is lovely; Miss MARJORIE FIELDING's check-skirted Bazaar-opening Menace of the Shires is enough to

keep me permanently in London; the confidential and much-licensed butler of Mr. CHARLES GROVES is always certain of a laugh, and Mr. H. R. HIGNETT and Mr. ALEXANDER FIELD provide the two banks of the freakish rivulet with well-contrasted masters.

This comedy is worth a visit for its fun alone. Its satire, necessarily undetailed, can only score points on broad lines. But if it reminds even a few thousand that force is the ultimate stupidity, it will have done something besides making them laugh.

ERIC.

"NEW SERIES OF TALKS ON THE CHURCH
By our Radio Correspondent

George Robey broadcasts in the Music Hall programme to-night."—*Daily Paper*.

He'll have to temper his hilarity with a modicum of reserve.

Non-Stop Variety

A GENTLEMAN home from Montrose saw several continuous shows; and he liked them all right, for he sat there all night in a state that was quite comatose.



AN ANCIENT AND ADMIRABLE CRICHTON

John Marrison MR. C. V. FRANCE

Stephen MR. CHARLES GROVES

recruitment of a small army of yokels massed behind the unreliable muzzle



LOVE AT FIRST KISS

Joan Forrester . . MISS ADRIANNE ALLEN

Robert Marrison . MR. LESLIE BANKS

Mr. Silvertop Makes a Muse-Trap.

I FOUND him just where I expected to find him at six o'clock on a foggy evening. He didn't mind if he did.

"Good 'ealth," he said gloomily when it came, "I needed another."

"Hard day?" I asked.

"Not so much 'ard as 'arrowing," he replied. "'Ow or why some of my clients gets born I don't know. Remember me telling you about a novelist-bloke I worked for 'oo was that perishing temporary-mental 'e got 'is 'eroine stuck on the Downs for a fortnight?"

"Vividly."

"Well, I wish 'ere and now to withdraw that temporary-mental in 'is favour. Temporary-mental? 'E was more like GORDON SELFRIDGE. 'E reminds me a bit of 'ENRY FORD, too. Come to think of it, there isn't an 'ell of a big step between 'im and NAPOLEON." He paused darkly, bitter in face as well as hand. "That's to say, compared with the lady what I just left. Corlume!"

"About a week ago I 'ad a call to do a leaking roof, and when I got to the 'ouse they tells me to go up to the front top and knock. There wasn't no answer, so, 'aving knocked again, I walks in. And 'aving walked in I begins to wonder if I'm a-dreaming, for there on the bed was a middle-aged lady propped up on a lot of pillows, 'olding an umbrella up with 'er left 'and and scribbling on a bit of paper with 'er right. Water was dripping from the ceiling pretty 'ard on the umbrella and running off into a bucket by the bed. But the rummest thing about 'er was 'er eyes—sort of glazed they was, like an 'addock's what's been too long on the slab.

"'Morning, Mum," I ses, 'ardly knowing what to say. 'Can I 'ave a look at your ceiling?' But she didn't take no notice. 'Deaf, pore lady,' I thinks to myself, and I goes over and taps 'er on the arm. Still she didn't take no notice, so I puts 'er down as loopy and 'as a decko at the ceiling. I was just tip-toeing out to go on the roof when suddenly she sits up and

rubs 'er eyes and looks at me almost normal.

"'Ail, 'ail, most doughty champion!" she cries. 'Go forth with wrench and spanner, jack and bradawl, and when the god Pluvius is slain we women shall bind laurels round thy brow!' Well, that wasn't what you might call much of a conversational opening, and what with being a bit flurried anyway all I could stammer was, 'I'm afraid you've got a slate loose, Mum,' which wasn't 'ardly tactful. But she didn't notice.

"'I am a daughter of the Muses," she ses. 'Reely?' I ses, 'Afraid I never worked for 'em.' 'I am a poetess.' 'Never!' I ses, for I always thought poetesses 'ad died out, like 'ansom cabs. 'Indeed,' she ses, 'and

"Well, that put me on my own ground, like. 'Ow are you a-going to find it again, Mum?' I asks. 'By the age-long method of the philosophers,' she ses, 'trial and error.' 'What, waste a good hour every morning?' I ses. 'What else can I do?' she asks. 'From what I can see of them pillows,' I tells 'er, 'your angle's about thirty-five degrees. Suppose I makes you a chair at that angle what'll give you quick starting?' She thinks it over for a bit and then she cries, 'Why, if I 'ad a chair I could 'ave it set up on a mountain-top so I could pour out my 'eart to the dawn; I could take it among the little bluebells; I could immortalise the daffodils?' 'Why not?' I ses. 'Given the mountain-top and them other commodities.' 'Then please,

good carpenter,' she ses in 'er rum way, 'set to!'

"Which I did. This morning we 'ad what you might call a fitting-on on a dust-sheet in 'er droring-room. As I told 'er, I could see from 'ow she'd been lying there was a bit of 'orizontal in 'er angle as well as vertical, so I'd made 'er a small arm-chair at about thirty-five with extra long legs, so we could clip bits off until she felt 'otsy-totsy.

"I started 'er off level, with each leg fifteen inches long. She lay in the chair for five minutes and let 'er mind frolic with the fairies and 'eaven knows whatnot, but

she drew a blank. I sawed 'arf-an-inch off the north-east leg. She tried that—nothing doing. Not a ruddy line out of 'er. Then I tries an inch off the south-east leg, but that was a wash-out. And so we goes on.

"About one o'clock we 'as 'arf-time and a good 'earty repast off a squeeze of passion-fruit juice and a biscuit. Then we goes at it again. You'll 'ardly credit it, but it wasn't till 'arf-past five, after seven ruddy hours, that 'er eyes suddenly begun to go 'addocky and she started fair pouring out the goods. Which she probably still is. And when I goes to check up on them legs, what do you think I found? *Each of 'em was exactly two inches long!*" Mr. Silvertop tilted his tankard savagely to about thirty-five degrees. "Cosmic osculation, indeed! I 'opes she cops a packet of it and it chokes 'er."

ERIC.



"DO YOU THINK I COULD ASK THE B.B.C. ANNOUNCER TO SAY MY PRAYERS FOR ME? HE SPEAKS SO BEAUTIFULLY."

this morning I've 'ad rare inspiration. Listen, excellent fellow,' and before I knows she's reciting a long rigmarole with 'er eyes ever so slightly fishy again. I didn't feel 'arf a fool, standing there twiddling my 'at, with 'er carrying on so. I couldn't make 'ead or tail of it, but when it was over she seemed to expect me to say something, so I ses, 'Coo, that's a fair treat, that is!' 'It's pure gold,' she ses. 'It shall ring through the ages. And do you know why? Because I've made a discovery what'll shake the 'ole firmament of poetry.' She leans forward and 'er voice drops to a whisper. 'Every poet 'as 'is own perfect body-angle, based on 'is integral rhythm and 'is cosmic osculation—I'm telling you what she ses—and until 'e finds it reel inspiration will never reach 'im. Mine was vouchsafed to me this morning, though it took an hour manipulating them pillows.'

The Fortunate Father

A Fable

A MAN and wife of modest station
Were members of a certain nation
Whose ruler (anxious to expand
His empire o'er his neighbour's land,
And holding the complacent creed
That woman's function is to breed
And man's to slay, that their dictator
May grow perpetually greater)
Bade all his subjects propagate
Freely, for purposes of state.
This patriotic couple did
Submissively as they were bid,
Nor failed with humble vows to ask
The saints to bless their pious task.

Their prayers were answered; to their
joy

Appeared in course of time a boy.
Yet imperfection sometimes taints
E'en the beneficence of saints.
Sadly the doctor shook his head;
"I grieve to have to say," he said,
"Your son will all his life be blind."
"Come," said the father, "never mind!
For if he were endowed with sight
He'd certainly be sent to fight.
Far better to be blind from birth
And live the allotted time on earth
Than, shattered by a bomb or shell,
To lose eyes, limbs and life as well."
Consoled, the pair their vows renew,
Creating infant Number Two.

Alas! disasters seldom come
Singly; their second child was dumb.
"How fortunate!" when notified
Of this defect, the father cried.
"To talk is always indiscreet
In club or church, in shop or street.
How many a man has lost his head
Because of something he has said
That proved him slightly out of
date

In knowledge of affairs of state!
Last month our neighbour had to go
For crying, 'Long Live So-and-So!'
When So-and-So had just been shot.
It is a comfort (is it not?)
To know our boy will ne'er be hung
For failure to control his tongue.
I in my youth was often told
That speech is silver, silence gold;
Then to be permanently dumb
Must surely rank with platinum."

The dauntless couple tried again.
Next time their child was born insane.
"Now praised be all the saints in
heaven!"

The father cried, "for they have given
Great joy to us." "Upon my life
I cannot see," replied the wife,
"How a poor idiot can be
The cause of such felicity."
The optimistic father smiled
Unruffled o'er his witless child.



"HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, DOCTOR?"

"JUST FIFTY-FIFTY, LADDIE; PLENTY WATTER."

"You fail," said he, "to understand
The circumstances of our land;
For since within its bounds we find
The happiest folk are dumb or
blind,
The men who govern it, 'tis plain,
Can be none other but insane.
And therefore I prognosticate
Our son is born to rule the State."

* * * * *

Alas! the sequel of the tale
Proves that the rosier hopes may
fail.

The ruler recently had planned
A war against a neighbouring
land,
Which, eager to forestall surprise,
Unleashed its aircraft on the skies.

Thus, ere our couple could expect it,
A bomb fell on their house and wrecked
it.

(For though the tidings of disaster
Be swift, an aeroplane is faster.)
And even as the father spoke
The family dissolved in smoke.

The Spirit of the Age

"Garage, with Dwelling-house adjoining,
For Sale; 15 miles from Newcastle."
Newspaper Advt.

"C. Only slightly eases sit. Consult T.
re future attitude.—P."—Personal Column.

Suggest standing up.—Mr. P.

More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club

From Alexander Spool, Photographer, Roughover.

22/9/36.

DEAR SIR,—May I respectfully draw your attention to the fact that the Club Photograph (Members and Committee) has not been taken for the year 1936.

Awaiting your early and esteemed commands.

Yours faithfully,

A. SPOOL.

From Gregory Screener, 47, Grogham Road, London, S.W.8.

25th Sept., 1936.

DEAR SIR,—Hearing from a member of your Club that you are contemplating having a photograph taken of Club members, etc., perhaps the following proposition might be of some interest. It is that I should come to Roughover Golf Club at a date to be arranged and take a talkie film of Club life from various angles—such as views of the course, scenes of Club staff at work, and short half-minute "shots" of members playing various strokes, sitting yarning in the bar, reading papers, etc.

There would be no difficulty in getting your local cinema to give the film a good run, and the fee which they would pay for showing same would help towards defraying my charge.

I need hardly point out the great historical interest a film like this would have to succeeding generations.

Yours faithfully,

G. SCREENER.

P.S.—I think you will agree that there is nothing we human beings like more than to see ourselves as others see us.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club.

28th Sept., 1936.

DEAR SIR,—I think the idea of the film an excellent one. The first you have ever had. Make the necessary arrangements and get the man along.

Yours faithfully,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

P.S.—Perhaps the idea wasn't yours?

From Ephraim Wobblegoose, House Steward Roughover Golf Club.

Sept. 28th, Monday.

MR. WHILK, DEAR SIR,—The staff is all agog with the news about us

being filmed and the wife was saying that the Club cat, Skulker, must be took with her but it must have a new neck bell Sir for the Talkie part as the present one won't ring proper. General Forcursue treading on it (Skulker) when his horse never did nothing in the last Grand National.

The wife is wanting to recite her recipe for making them flour scones but I told her she'd best hold her tongue which you might confirm next time you is in the kitchen.

Yours Sir,

E. WOBLEGOOSE.

From Lionel Nutmeg, Malayan Civil Service (Retired), Old Bucks Cottage, Roughover.

28/9/36.

DEAR WHELK,—I think the Talkie is a great scheme, and I have been wondering if I could do my imitation jungle noises and a couple of cornet solos.

If Forcursue and Sneyring-Stymie are to do "turns" the film is likely to be a trifle heavy, and I felt my contributions might provide the necessary light motif.

Yours sincerely,

L. NUTMEG.

From Harry Cleek, Professional to Roughover Golf Club.

28th Sept.

DEAR SIR,—Thank you for your message about the film. I will arrange to have a fine selection of clubs so that I can be taken with them. A traveller from one of the firms with which I deal was round this morning and he is to send a lot of advertising material for spreading round about me.

I thought if I was required to say a bit I could give a lesson explaining how to prevent the lower right rib from overlapping the hip in driving, this being a common fault in many of my pupils, including Admiral Sneyring-Stymie. If I could do this it would enable me to sell some of the new "Braceall" Golfer's Corsets, which are well worth the money and necessary for complete success.

Yours faithfully,

HARRY CLEEK.

From Frank Plantain, Greenkeeper Roughover Golf Club.

29th.

DEAR SIR,—If I am to be took weeding the Greens please to get me a new weeding-fork, as I have been using a cast-off Club corkscrew since 1921 and it is getting past a joke.

Yours, Sir,

FRANK PLANTAIN.

P.S.—The wife is poorly having quinsy from digging potatoes.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club.

1st October, 1936.

DEAR WHELK,—Regarding the film, kindly note that being Club Captain I shall require a good ten minutes for my speech, as I intend after my historical survey to put Nutmeg in his place once and for all. I shall also want about five minutes for my golf shots. Perhaps the film will show me why I always slice my ball into the quarry at the 6th.

If you are to be done—and candidly I don't think you should be—for Heaven's sake get yourself cleaned up a bit.

Yours sincerely,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

From John Baggs, Caddiemaster Roughover Golf Club.

1st Oct.

DEAR SIR,—I shall see the caddies is on parade O.K., and as most of them is in the Excelsior Town Choir I will get a bit of genuine all right for you, as the Choirmaster, Mr. Quaver, has made up a rare song for the occasion, called "The Boys of Blood and Sand."

I think it would also be a good thing if Alf Humpitt was took separate carrying the biggest golf-bag I can find with fifty or so clubs in it, as this would give them that come after us a good fright to see what us ones has to put up with.

Yours always,

JOHN BAGGS.

From Gregory Screener, 47, Grogham Road, London, S.W.8.

3rd October, 1936.

DEAR SIR,—Thank you for your letter, and I shall be in attendance on Tuesday afternoon.

It was good of you to put me on my guard about your members, but having been a Press photographer before taking up my present job I feel I can look after myself all right. In any case both I and my apparatus are fully insured.

Yours faithfully,

G. SCREENER.

From Admiral Charles Sneyring-Stymie, C.B., The Bents, Roughover.

17th Oct., 1936.

DEAR WHELK,—Kindly book seats for the first night of the Film for myself, Commander Harrington Nettle, Nutmeg and General Forcursue. We wish to sit well up in front as I find my eyesight and hearing are not what they were.



"I THINK, CHAIRMAN, I MUST REST PRESENTLY."

I am glad you advertised it well. I see it billed as of "Hollywood standard—a Picture of living drama, superb action and, although instructive, vibrating with the fullness of Life."

We are all wondering what it will be like.

Yours sincerely,
CHARLES SNEYRING-STYMIE.

From Miss Gwendoline Makepeace,
Museum Hotel, London, W.1.

Tuesday, 20th Oct.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—I cut the enclosed from the local paper, which arrived by this evening's post. As I have been away from Roughover since the third week in September, you might let me know what it is all about.

Yours sincerely,
GWENNIE MAKEPEACE.

[Enclosure]

WILD SCENES AT ROUGHOVER
CINEMA

LOCAL RESIDENTS CAUSE
TROUBLE

Disgraceful scenes were witnessed at

Roughover Imperial Cinema on Monday evening when the first night performance of *Life at Roughover Golf Club* was shown to local fans. The house was packed to the door and a tense atmosphere began to manifest itself after the film had run some three minutes.

The first indication that anything was seriously untoward occurred during a scene depicting the present Captain of the Club (General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I.) in action in a bunker, when there were several shouts of "Order, Sir!" and "Black Out!"

As the film progressed feeling began to run higher, and there were angry words and scuffings in the front seats as the various scenes followed one another, and many of the audience had to stop their ears owing to ungentlemanly remarks.

Matters came to a head when Mr. Nutmeg, M.C.S. (Retd.), was seen (and heard) to give a vivid and spirited imitation of an African hippopotamus teaching its young how to remain submerged in tropical flood-water, at which pandemonium broke loose,

blows with walking-sticks and umbrellas being freely exchanged, while hats, pipes, waterproofs and other articles of wearing apparel were thrown haphazard about the front of the auditorium.

In order to restore peace the management at this point hurriedly cut off the film and turned on the lights, when order was gradually restored.

It is understood that the film will not be shown again. A police inquiry has been asked for.

Fuller reports in our next issue.

From Alexander Spool, Photographer,
Roughover.

22/10/36.

DEAR SIR,—Thank you for your letter asking me to attend at the Club House at 2 p.m. on Saturday to take the Annual Photograph.

In answer to your query, the best way to destroy a cinema film is to burn it. The negative, etc., is, however, very inflammable and great care should be taken.

Yours to command,

A. SPOOL.
G. C. N.



"MY DEAR, THEY HAVEN'T GOT ANY SHOES!"

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

G. K. C. on Himself

THE illuminated and illuminating gusto of GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON's *Autobiography* (HUTCHINSON, 10/6) is the quality that most marks it off from the comparatively etiolated memoirs of his contemporaries. A steady radiance beams on the Chestertonian world and a more modest but even more grateful and discerning light on CHESTERTON himself. To my mind the unique grace of the book is its writer's successful effort to understand what went to his own making. This task has obviously been undertaken partly as a tribute to the sound Victorian bourgeois stock from which he was proud to have sprung, partly by way of guidance—largely of course a *caveat* from a boy who loved to learn and loathed "education"—to those who have the mishandling of youth. The story of G. K. C.'s rearing under the shadow of his romantic water-tower will remain, I think, one of his finest contributions to literature. The remainder of the book faces now outwards, now inwards—a redoubtable paladin on his friends and foes, an old campaigner on his spiritual combats. And these affairs of the spirit, unlike the picturesque swashbuckling he so strangely confounded with modern warfare, have an immortal interest.

Victorian Microcosm

MR. R. H. MOTTRAM has set out to depict an epoch in the figure of one of its most normal and representative members, a John Citizen of the period. The subject of his

Portrait of an Unknown Victorian (HALE, 12/6)—whose relationship to himself is made so plain that it might just as well have been stated—remembered the young QUEEN's crowning and saw, though with dimming eyes, the beginnings of the Great War. Through the years between he lived such a life as made him the perfect exemplar of the middle-class provincialism of that time. He was punctual in his habits and upright in his dealings, pious without excess of zeal, strict yet genial, humorous without subtlety, public-spirited with no hankering after public fame. MR. MOTTRAM has succeeded in interesting us in a character which (that is just the point) can neither excite nor intrigue us; but it is the portrait of a city as well as of a man which he has drawn. And that city is Norwich, which, once the second in England, had always—and never more so than in the heyday of the GURNEYS, the Quaker bankers, and of JAMES M., their faithful servant—an idiosyncrasy which set it apart from the merely typical. So MR. MOTTRAM's professedly almost anonymous period-piece has, after all, a particular reference. Surely based on document, tradition and memory, it brings vividly back both a phase of society and some not immemorable individuals.

Conte Hongrois

THE Hungarian short story may call itself *novella*, but it appears to me a legitimate and likely offspring of the DE MAUPASSANT school. Brief, simple, realistic and adroit, the thirty contemporary examples translated in *Hungaria* (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 7/6) escape—when they do escape—rather into fantasy than imagination. They are, on the whole, more interesting for their glimpses of a small nation hammered by war and war's resultant poverty than for any purely artistic or intellectual grace. Yet there is

a HANS ANDERSEN pathos or irony (or both) about BABITS, "The Flying Village," GELLÉRI's "Adam and Eve," MOLNÁR's "A Bedtime Story" and SZITNYAI's "The Delegation"; and a grisly starkness about "Girls at Play" by KASSÁK, "The Dead Passenger" by NYIRÓ, and "At the Slaughter-House" by DALLOS, the horror of the last-named curiously mitigated by a quietism wholly aloof from life and conduct. Mr. LAWRENCE WOLFE's translation has ease, though I find his habit of rendering peasant patois by English colloquialisms a little hard on atmosphere. The anthology is charmingly introduced by ALEXANDER KORDA of film fame, who, like most of the book's thirty contributors, started life as an author-journalist.

A Classic of Saltpetre

Sport in Wildest Britain is

By the late HESKETH PRITCHARD,
So here we follow our destinies

Where the lobster-cobbles pitch hard;
For it's Northward Ho! as the wild
swans go

And the sentinel black-backs wheel,
To the outer seas of the Hebrides
And the great grey Haskeir seal.

And here we wait for the wild Grey Lag,
Where the Little Minch is tossing,
And here we follow the Brent and bag
A brace as the flight is crossing
The perilous "hide" where the gunners
bide

On the sands of the restless gull,
Or where Atlantic explodes gigantic
On the skerries of Causamull.

Now here's a book for a man's own heart,
Conceived and written supremely,
From the pen of a man who played
man's part

In all that is manly, seemly,
Of an author I'd ticket as County
Cricket—

Wilderness, War— What? Why,
From PHILIP ALLAN AND COMPANY
shall an

Intending reader buy.

The Exiles

Sir PHILIP GIBBS has done a rather surprising thing in his *Cities of Refuge* (HUTCHINSON, 8/6). He has not only written an extraordinarily fascinating novel, but he has contrived to embody in it what may be called a very good popular and yet intimate history of the Western world during the past fifteen years. His leading characters are Russian refugees from the Red Terror, and the cities of refuge are those places in Austria, Germany, France, America and England where Russians of all classes went, almost or entirely penniless, into exile. The struggles and sufferings of these people are not unfamiliar topics, but I have not hitherto come across so vivid a presentment of their lot and of the influence upon it of the various political and economic crises which have periodically shaken Euro-



"DAMMIT, I WEAR A READY-MADE TIE MYSELF, BUT I DEFY ANYONE TO TELL IT FROM ONE TIED BY HAND."

pean countries and the United States. Sir PHILIP has painted a very big picture with the master-touches of impressionism, but there are parts which are almost miniatures in their detail. It is a long time since I have read a novel with such keen interest.

Humorous Criticism

The fourteen authors who parody thirteen other authors (for Mr. A. G. MACDONELL appears in each capacity) in *Parody Party* (HUTCHINSON, 8/6), edited by LEONARD RUSSELL, vary in their aims. Miss REBECCA WEST, in what I think is the best contribution, disposes of *Sparkenbroke*, Mr. CYRIL CONNOLLY almost equally well of *Eyeless in Gaza*; others range over the whole field of the chosen victim's

work. Particularly good in this line is Mr. FRANCIS ILES, who manages to include in his extremely funny story nearly all the characteristics of HUGH WALPOLE fiction. Both Mr. IVOR BROWN and Miss ROSE MACAULAY are out of date, for Mr. PETER FLEMING has now sobered down and grown out of his Capital Letters, and Mr. ERNEST HEMINGWAY has now sobered up and taken to deliberate fine (or STEIN) writing. (I have other doubts about Miss MACAULAY's parody; it's funny, but I question the constant use of "commence" and "due to"; and did a HEMINGWAY girl ever say "Get this," seriously, in the manner of a talkie-character, halfway through a paragraph?) Mr. L. A. PAVEY's story in the MAUGHAM manner has the surface flatness of much MAUGHAM work without enough of the underlying bite. But anyone could find small points to criticise in the book; these facts remain to decide the hesitant reader: all the parodies are good, some are brilliant, and "NICOLAS BENTLEY drew the pictures."

Introduction to China

British gunboats on the Yangtse-kiang are frequently in the news, and many readers must have wondered what life on them is like. Lieutenant-Commander THOMAS WOODROOFFE, who once narrated *A Naval Odyssey*, now gives the public what is clearly first-hand information on the subject in *River of Golden Sand* (FABER, 8/6). He exhibits China through the unsophisticated eyes of Sub-Lieutenant Toby Warren, and by this device is enabled to draw a fairly complete and extremely vivid picture of the Middle Kingdom. The author is a sympathetic observer and, though never portentous, often attains that profundity which is needed for an estimate of the Chinese character. At the same time he can handle a comic situation with the best. The result is an entirely amusing and instructive work, a judicious mixture of contemplation and action. For *Toby* does not spend all his time thinking; when the emergency comes he is more than equal to it. So long as Dartmouth turns out men of his calibre the British Navy and the world are safe.

Behind Closed Doors

Although Mr. Tolefree's reputation as a sleuth will not be enhanced by the problem Mr. R. A. J. WALLING sets him in *The Corpse with the Dirty Face* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), his position as one of the pleasantest and most human detectives in fiction is fully maintained. Men of less ability than Tolefree, for whom I confess an amiable weakness,

would have no insuperable difficulties in discovering by whom the estimable Mr. Broadall was murdered, but even if this problem was scarcely worthy of his skill it is clearly and fairly stated and quite intricate enough to interest—if not entirely to perplex—amateur investigators. For *Detective-Inspector Pierce's* methods and manners I cannot feel admiration, and as the representative of Scotland Yard I think a little more urbanity might be allotted to him. Mr. WALLING as a rule writes so well that one sentence, on page 258, gave me abrupt pause. Two men who were smoking together "established themselves on the friendly footing of the weed." Oh, Mr. WALLING!

Under Observation

While appreciating the remarkable cleverness of *A Puzzle for Fools* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6), I found that its setting impeded

my enjoyment of the problems which Mr. PATRICK QUENTIN provides. *Peter Duluth*, the young American who tells the tale, describes the house in which he was voluntarily interned as "not a sanatorium really but just an expensive nut-house for people like me who had lost control." The guiding star of this establishment was a modern psychiatrist with "enough electricity in him to run the New York subway." And in all conscience he needed exceptional qualities, for his patients were suffering from various diseases and delusions, and strange happenings (including murder) combined to enhance the numberless miseries

and mystifications of these distraught people.

A Family Affair

Lord KENNET, under the style of E. HILTON YOUNG, has written *A Bird in the Bush* (COUNTRY LIFE, 10/6), a charming book about a great many birds and no hands to speak of. It deals chiefly with the little everyday birds which serious naturalists often—snobbishly, I feel—neglect for rarer creatures, and that with a charm and understanding hard to overpraise. He even bursts into song himself:—

"I live in hope some day to see
The crimson-necked phalarope
(Or do I rather live in hope
To see the red-necked phalarope?)."

Mr. PETER SCOTT, as might be expected, has added some fine coloured plates and many black-and-white drawings which, for me, are even better.

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"SUCH A TRAGEDY—STEFAN AND CARLO SIMPLY CAN'T AGREE."